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With smiles its dimpled hands reach out To mamma when she's nigh it; Its trembling lips so sweetly pout If namms reshes by it.

Sometimes its pink and pearly tees Right in its mouth are sticking: lometimes, all by its self, it srows And coos while gally kicking.

If, whom is hides on mamma's broast In loying arms that fold it, We try to coax it from its next To but a mement hold it.

Its knowing head turns as if to say: "No, thank you. Here my bline is," Then mamme in her tender way Quite smothers it with kisses.

All day it plays with laughter sweet And gives us such a pleasure; We think our home was not complete Before we had our treasure

What's in this cradle that we own? You'll never guess it, may be, Bo I'll just whisper you alone— It is an angel baby. —H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

A SYMPHONY IN LILIES.

A Complex Plirtation and Its Unexpected Ending.

[WRITTEN FOR THIS PAPER] El.L. I will go with you and see your flower-se'ling widow,"finally assented Ruthven, rising with characteris ic grace and languor; "but I will wager clams and absinthe for the three of us after the opera, that I find no

excuse for the enthus sm you impressionable fellows nve exhibited concerning her."

His capitulation was hailed with all the more satisfaction by his friends for the reason that it had been so long delaved. They had pestered him on the subject every night for a week past and were quite ready to b lieve him when he presently asserted that his only of ject in yielding was to escape the burden of their importunities.

Buthven, on the whole, was rather to be envied, thought his friends. A man who possessed sufficient of the world's goods to afford a simple solution of the problem of existence, and at the same time sufficient of talent to make him fairly conspucious in the arens of letters was rather a novelly, and Buthvon's courteous bearing proverbial generosity and unfailing wit easily procured him pardon for the pretty cynicism with which he regarded or affected to regard the general run of men and things.

They were at his rooms now-light. airy rooms, whose equipment, if not luxurious bore evidence of the tenant's exceptional taste in the matter of artistic effect — and waited rather impatiently while he ruined three cravats in the effort to achieve a satisfactory bow. His toilet completed, they passed out upon the street, Buthven observing plaintively as he closed the door behind him that he was "ready for the sacrifice."

His companions laughed lightly and set matches to eigarettes. They were both younger than he, and an accurate observer would have said the pursuit of pleasure was more of an occupation with them than with Buthven, the latter, however, showing by his manner that he enjoyed their company. It was not long before they turned, and strolling arm-inarm down a quiet street psused, at a signal from the youngest of the trie, whom Ruthven addressed as "George," before a small shop, in the windows of which were displayed a number of tastefully-arranged vases of lilies.



THEY PASSED IN

"Bater," said "George," in a balf whisper. "And you, Rithven, post yourself in the rear and observe her,

while I purchase me a boutonniere." They passed in. Rathven, who did as he was bidden, observed a tall. grave-faced woman, with a face of waxen whiteness, and large, penetrating gray eyes. Her figure was full. but of graceful outline. She was arranging ano her wase of lilies, and Buthven fell to comparing the hue of the flowers to that of the lady's hands, without being able to render a verdict either way. H: notel, also, with refuctant admiration, the wonderful blue veins that served to enhance the brilliance of two very delicate white wrists.

George's extremely devotional attitude and request for a ge- cised over him. Her conversation was

rantum spray was rewarded with a smile that exhibited a set of gleaming teeth, rather too large, perhaps, for perfect beauty, but still effective. When the geranium had been pinned in place George turned to his comp nions: "Mrs. F x." he said, with deference, "let me present my friend Mr. -- Mr. --," and he hesitated.

"Ruthven." rather sternly injected that young man, advancing to the counter. He felt, he did not know why. that if George had attempted to conceal his identity under an assumed name he could have found the energy to kick him.

Mrs. Pox slightly inclined her head, with its massive coils of inky hair, in acknowledgment of Ruthven's graceful salutation. He choose to leave the selection of a "button-hole" to her, he said, and felt strangely gratified when she ignored a pyramid of brilliant rosebuds and adjusted a tiny spray of lilies of the valley in his dress-cont, at the same time pinning back the lapel of his light overcoat in order to protect the flowers. H: looked down as she did so, and noted the tapering fingers and wonderfully polished rosebud nails at their extremities.

A few remarks on ordinary topics and the two left the shop, George lingering behind an instant, as his custom was, for an individual adieu. Ruthven, glancing back, experienced a thrill of unaccountable annoyance on beholding the young man in another extremely devotional attitude. and the widow's carnation lips parted again in her same dazzling smile.

'Well." asked George, expectantly, linking his arm in that of his companion, "what do you think of her, hey?"

"She is hardly beautiful," r joined Ruthven, slowly, after a long pause, and I do not like masculine women. And yet-she preferred lines to roses. Yes, I think that in strict j stie- I owe you the clams and absinthe. "I should call your friend a symphony in lilies." At the opera that night Rathven

was rather more cynical and absen'-minded than usual. After appointing a rent zvous with his young friends for midnight, he avoided them. The many acquaintances whom he visited in their boxes during the evening rallied him on his apparent indifference to the dual charm of Sembrich and Scalchi, something he was never known to have exhibited before. Usually on such nights his glance was fixed immutably upon the stage, and the expression of his face one of unconcealed delight, music being the one thing he permitted himself to grow enthusiastic about. Tonight his eyes scarcely left the pearl in the center of his shirt-front, and his brow wore an abstracted, puzzled aspeet that gave evidence of some intricate problem under consideration within.

low-haired girl who sat with her aristoeratic mamma in the center of the parquette, he was as usual deferential, yet gav; witty, but sub lued. She had always, as a matter of course, considered him the most brilliant, as well as loveable of men, and found no reason to change her opinion to-night. When be stood bareheaded at the carriage window and bade the two ladies goodnight, the big blue eyes of the younger shone in the glare of the street lamp hard by with all that a lover would have them do; and as the vehicle rolled away, leaving him there, the vellow cur's went down on the mother's willing breast, as their owner sighed forth the customary: 'Oh, mamma can you wonder that I love

Unaccountable as it seemed to himself, the following day found Rithven at the flower-shop on the little side street inwardly criticising that wonderful s nile. H: was well-known in the neighborhood, and the florist, who had read his verses, and had heard of his repeated refusals to be led thither, was a little surprised. When the next day passed without his appearance, however, she concluded that was the last she would se of him, which conclusion was very rudely shattered the easning evening when he walked in and ordered six or seven dollars' worth of lilies for his sweetheart. And the next day, and the next, he came, quiet, synical and self-1xx8 8401 as ever. He ordered flowers at every visit, and the most punctilious of critics could not have dis overed the vistige of sontiment in his demeanor toward the widow.

And she? Well, she had not hitherio numbered among her regular customers any one quite so distingu sied or quite so handsome, and she was flattered. Any thing like familiarity on the part of the young men about town who were her patrons-such as George, for instance—she rebuked with such unerring distinctness as to guard against any possibility of its repetition. But Rathven's indifference pique: her, and, of course, as any womans will under such circums ances, her manner unbent to him just a ir f. on that account, the co sequences of which was that Rathven himself unbent, fractionally and seriously. He came oftener still. His betrothed grew tired of lilies, and bade him send her roses for a change. He sent her roses -so many of them that she declared she was tired of all sorts of flowers and begged him to cease sending her blossoms of any sort and come oftener himse'f, instea !.

To this day Ruthven can not account for the fascination the widow exer-

not exceptionally brilliant, though free from platitudes. It was her smile, possibly, or perhaps, her good tastethe good taste which hal led him to bestow upon her that title of "A Symphony in Lilies."

It was not strange that his conduct should give rise to comment. H s two particular friends laughed hugery, and then grew grave as they thought of the yellow-haired sweetheart ten blocks away on the same street.

Nor was it strange that a tale should come to the ken of the young lady herself. But as often happens in such cases, the tale was so berrible, in the guise that it reached her gentle ear. that, being a young lady of impulsive temperament as well as almost Quakerish integrity of purpose, she hesitated not an instant but wrote Ruthven a letter in this way:

"I have long noticed the change in your demeanor toward me, and have been at a loss to account for it until now. I know every thing-have learned it all from a source that could not err. Whether you love her or not there is a du'y you owe to her beside which that of yourself to me is very slight. Do your duty by her, whatever that duty may be. To know you false to me may kill me; but I would rather lose you, knowing you to be false, than to retain you, knowing you to be a villain. They say you are to marry her-that she expects it. If you have broken your vows to me, at least keep faith with her."

Poor Ruthven! H : elevated his handsome eyebrows, drew a deep breath and emitted a long, low whistle. Then he remembered several little matters he had not heretofore noticed. H · recalled certain words of he widow that now seemed charged with deepest meaning, though at the time they were uttered be had not accorded them a serious thought. He remembered that her ever were noist last night, that her hand trembled as-H avens! he was not vain, but-the woman loved him. How s upid it all was, to be sur !

He sat and ponder d for a fall hour. He did not of en display emotion, but at the end of that time his face was very stern and his teeth were clinched. Then he sud lenly arose and went out.

He sauntered into the flower-shop. As usual, he was scrupulously dressed, and the widow thought he had never looked so distinguished or so hand-

God evening, Mrs. Fox."

Good evening Mr. Ruthven. Then he noticed that her lips were trembling and that her soft, white cheeks were wet with tears. He grew deathly pale, but advanced steadily to the counter. Then he noticed that she was trembling, trembling violently, in the effort to conceal her tears He held out a prettily-gloved hand,

which she grasped firmly enough. Then he spoke: "Mrs. Fix." he said. calmly, and very softly, "am I right in believing that you love me?"

The perfect self-possession that had characterized the widew's demeanor until to-night deserted her wholly. She simply gasped. "What!" she almost screamed. It is to be feared that part of

Buthven's self-possession deserted him also. But he had set himself his tack and like the gentleman that he was prepared to go through with it to the

"I believed (he did not say hoped." you will observe) that you did, anda short pause-I came to ask you to m irry me."

The widow's face was still the picture of astonishment, but she collected herself, and smiled on him kindly. pityingly; "I thought you knew, Mr. Bithven," she said, "that I was married already."

Ruthven's hand crushed to fragments a tiny earthen flower-pot that he had been fingering nervously. "But I thought," he finally hazarded, amazedly, "that—that you were a—a

"You have been mistaken, air," she replied, still kindly. What woman lives who does not pity a case of hopeless love, particularly when she herself is the object of it. "I have been married six years. My husband is on the frontier with General Crook's command. I expect him home in M sy."

Whatever of pity there was in her heart for him suddenly vanished utterly. Somehow she felt, after a scrutiny of his face, that Buthven could dispense with it.

"Then may I ask," he said, with gentle courtesy, "to what I am to a!tribute your display of emotion as I entered a few moments ago?"

A good deal of her sorrowful expression returned. 'Oh, it is nothing very much, sir," she answered, wearily, 'only I must have \$150 to-morrow to pay two mouths' rent. Mr. -George (I don't know his other name). owes me \$230, and I took the liberty of sending to him for it to-night I did not like to do it, because I know he'll pay me in his own time. Bit he has gone to Canada to hunt and won't be back for two mon ha, they tell me. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I have no other bills that I can collect."

Then it was that Mr. Ruthven abandone a'l conscience and all principle. and disburdened himself of this colosgal lie.

"I had a letter from George this morning." he announced, calmly, "and he commissioned me to hand you the sum."

He drew a small book from his pocket, filled out a check for

amount, and, turning upon his heel without waiting for a receipt, left the shop. And, even in her joy at the removal of her difficulties, fair Mrs. Pox could not stifle the reflection that for a disa pointed lover Rathven bore his terrible news with remarkable equa-

Bathven laughed softly all the way home. When he reached his rooms he strole to his telephone and called for 2007.

"Heilof" he remarked, composedly, when the desired connection had been made. "That you. Burton? All right. Ask Miss Grace if she will kindly step to the telephone, will you?" A long pause. Then-

"Hello!" very softly. "Yes, it is I No. pray don't go away." [His eyes grew a little dim, for he distinctly heard the sound of a smothered sob come quivering over the wire.] "Now, listen," added this unmitigated rascal. "I've read your note, and can not understand it. Mrs. Pox. who is a very cultivated woman, notwithstanding her occupation, has a military hus-



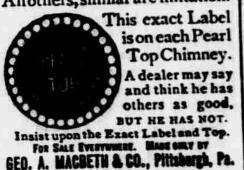
DREW A SMALL BOOK PROM HIS POCKET.

band, who is coming home on furlough next month. To whom do I owe this duly you speak of? Or, in other words, did your friends tell you I was engaged to him or to her?" We, being at this end of the wire, do

not know what the roply was, but Ruthven, after list ning for some four minutes, sent back but two words. They were "at once," and long after he had vanished out into the street, the girl in the telephone office was trying to ring him up to ask him why on earth he coul in't "have politeness enough to ring off when he was through?" VERB ST. CYBLE



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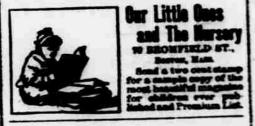
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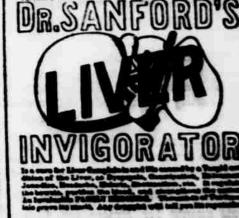
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